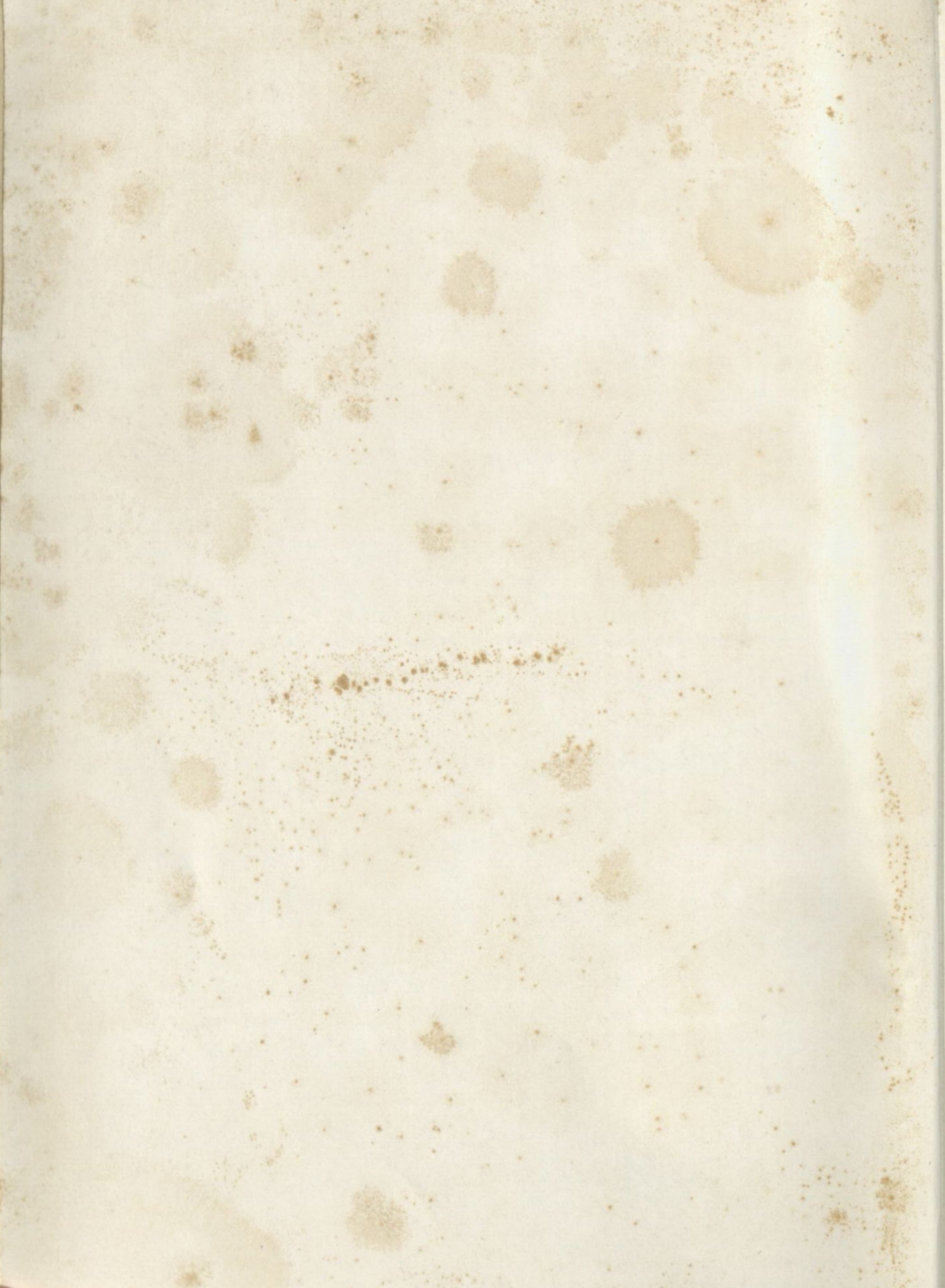




T H F W E S L E Y A N



THE WESLEYAN

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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FALL

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I belong to you. It is upon you that my life depends. People look at me and say I am the reflection of your thoughts, your ideas, your beliefs. Without your support I have no strength. I have possibilities because you have possibilities. My future effectiveness lies in you. Give me your interest. Share with me your personalities, and I will glow with new life. I belong to you. I am "The Wesleyan".

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*I looked at a flaming yellow tree beside a road
in autumn.*

*I saw near an aging haystack's home a pointer
and some quail.*

*I watched a ripe and heavy moon rise in the
chill of a frosty evening—and*

*I saw the same moon later—cold and white
and thin.*

*I built a bonfire with brown fall leaves and
heard it pop and crackle.*

*I ran my fingers through golden hair, washed
and newly brushed,*

*And gave a friend a scarf to tie it up in—a silk
one, ice blue.*

*I stood and waited for the tide to go and un-
cover the beach*

*I was a child, listening to the sea wind, feeling
it brush my hair.*

*I grew strong in the strength of the ocean
waves and the dunes.*

*I waited for a sailboat with a colored sail to
come to shore.*

*I picked an armful of goldenrod in the woods,
and one of dahlias in the garden.*

*I saw a newsboy pick up a five dollar bill and
return it to its owner.*

*I sat in a darkened church where vesper twi-
light sifted through stained windows.*

*I heard a violin at twilight and I heard an owl.
I lit a yellow candle and watched its yellow
flame.*

*I found an early evening star, a big one, and
I made a wish.*

*I thought of old friends, old places, old times—
the things I love—*

The things I love? Yes, I should know beauty.

FRANCES RUSHTON.

HOLD ON TO BEAUTY, BOY

"Hold on to beauty, Boy, hold on." The thought tangled in his mind as his body sighed into the mud with a weary sucking sound. The thought ached through him with a slow rhythm, "Hold on to beauty, Boy, hold on." A deep sickness dragged at his stomach. He closed his eyes, and for one brief moment relief came. There was no heavy mist pressing against him, nothing but blackness, a soft blackness that soothed his strained eyes. "Hold on—." His hand clutched the coldness of his gun. A dampness clung to his fingers. The feel of it was unfriendly and fought against all beauty. Within him was an unexplained little boy feeling of being alone in a dark cellar at night. Here the aloneness was intense for there was no kitchen light shining out at the top of the cellar steps. No light! Blackness was everywhere.

The words of his Dad stumbled through his mind again, and with them came the strange far away day on which they were spoken. . . It was a fragrant day, the kind that spring gives man to magnify the goodness of life. They walked to the train station, he and his Dad. It was not far, and Dad had a way of picking out certain days and saying, "The world is talking to us. Let's walk and listen."

The day spoke to father and son that morning as they moved through the country side to the small station. The earth had a rich voice that touched the heart. Its strength lay about them fresh and fertile.

His Dad said, "It's about ready for the planting." Simple words, but words that sowed pictures in the mind of plowed earth, green fields, golden grain.

They walked on. The dust and dew blended into an early morning fragrance that filled the air with earthy freshness. "*This is good,*" the boy thought. "*This is the smell of solid earth.*"

The understanding between the men grew as they silently shared the beauty of that morning. Their feet made muffled conversation as they touched the softness of the country road.

Dad said, "It's a pleasant sound, men's feet walking together. It takes away loneliness."

The road curved sharply and before them misting in the early morning sunshine was the small town. It was an uncertain sort of village, beginning in no definite place and lazily ending itself by dwindling into the country side. Its charm lay in its lazy uncertainty. No one ever knew if the town were asleep or awake, and no one cared. Signs, usually unnoticed because of their familiarity stood out severely in the sunlight. "Caution — Stop Light 15 yards ahead." Father and son grinned as they looked at the light, the small town's one feeble show of dignity.

People were not on the streets, but the smell of breakfast was everywhere. Guy closed his eyes and sniffed. He was not hungry for he and his Dad had eaten before they left the house. The smells were good, however, coffee, bacon, country ham, all pleasant in the clean morning air. They gave him a warm comfortable sensation inside.

All the houses had porches and yards. Rusty tricycles and sagging swings showed that children were a part of most of the homes.

"They look lived in, don't they, Son?" Guy nodded and thought of their house back down the road. It had personality too, for it was loved by the people who lived there.

The station was just ahead. Guy always felt it was the heart of the town for the train tracks brought new life in from other places. To him the sun always shone brighter here, and a special glory surrounded the small frame building.

"I like this spot," the older man said as if

sensing his son's private pride in the station. "*Even today I like it.*"

Their feet talked louder as they stepped from the sand to the worn wood of the platform. The change in the sound was the prelude to greater change. Guy felt the difference and rested his hand a moment against his Dad's rough sleeve. "Let's stop a minute, Sir." His Dad understood.

They leaned against the old strength of the station and looked beyond the tracks. "There is beauty, Boy."

Guy was proud his Dad knew beauty and was unashamed to admit his friendship with it. It gave him a peculiar strength that other men lacked. The land lay before them. A faint morning mist moved above the ground, a frail net separating heaven and earth. The blue of the sky sank into their eyes until they reflected the beauty. Tall trees made small by distance grew from rough red earth and touched the softness of the clouds. *Guy thought, "Trees belong to earth and sky."*

The moment was over, for the smoke from the distant train puffed above the far away trees. By the time the smoke reached the softness of the sky, the rumble of the train was in their ears.

Guy glanced at his Dad and grinned, "This is it, Dad."

They moved toward the lower end of the station, feeling the platform vibrate beneath their feet as the train puffed closer. The moment was sad but saved from sentimentality because father and son were sensible, clear thinking men who understood. Words were unimportant as they grasped hands. The deep eyes beneath the shaggy brows, the firm mouth softened by laughter lines—these were important. The rumble of the mail wagon reminded them the moment for goodbyes was over. Guy's hand left the warmth of his Dad's palm and grasped the unfamiliar rail of the train. His feet were on the hard steel of the step. The train shuddered and trembled forward. His

father walked beside him, quickening his steps as the train gained speed. The simple act gave Guy the sense of security he needed. He raised his right hand and solemnly saluted his Dad.

The old man lifted his hat proudly and cried out above the roar of the train, "*Hold on to beauty, Boy, hold on.*" . . .

The words rang through his mind as the picture of his father faded from his inner sight. His body was stiff and cold as he quietly shifted his position. The stench of stale unclean bodies came to him, sour and sickening in the darkness. Guy sighed. The sound sank into the night and became shrill in the silence. Guy listened. His whole body listened until he tingled with a tired nervousness. He had a foolish feeling that he was all ear, lying stupidly in the mud *listening*. He wanted to laugh, not because it was funny, but because he wanted to hear the sound of laughter in this lonely place.

"Beauty," he whispered. The word broke in the darkness and melted away until Guy wondered if he had spoken. "It's this waiting. That's what's wrong. It's this waiting and wondering. How near are they? Will they stay quiet until morning?"

He sniffed. The air was thick with odors, but that special smell was not there. The Nips had a smell all their own. Guy breathed deeply. He felt heavy and large.

There was a faint sound in the blackness before him. He raised himself on his elbows. The movement became louder and echoed in his ears. Guy's eyes blinked in the darkness, straining to see and understand the shadow and sound somewhere beyond him. He felt the nerves knotting in his body as his fingers closed on his gun. Throughout the darkness he sensed other fingers, damp and trembling, closing on other guns. The moment was alive with anxious waiting. Feet stumbled. The sound shouted in the night. A sudden blast of fire sliced the blackness, shattered the quietness. There was a sudden cry in the darkness, the weary, lonely voice of a wounded boy.

"It's just me, boys—just me. Why did you shoot?—Why?"

Guy heard, and his heart picked up the cry. The chill call raced through him *rising—falling* until he covered his ears trying to shut out the words; but the voice was within him, free to twist about in his tired body. It was no longer a hurting cry of a wounded soldier, but his Dad's voice, now loud, now soft—over and over—"Hold on to beauty, Boy, hold on."

Guy's body became tense. His lips felt dry, and his tongue too heavy and large for his mouth. "*Beauty!—Beauty—Hold on—*" Guy was on his knees in the mud. They sank in the softness. The voice hammered on, hurting him with its haunting tune.

"Beauty?" he mumbled, allowing his gun to slip from his hand. "Beauty?" His fingers crept cautiously up the damp side of the fox hole. "Where is beauty?" The words were low and whispered through the night. The strange cry in the darkness, the weary lonely voice of the hurting boy broke upon him again.

Guy's voice trembled, "I hear you. I'm coming." His feet fought to free themselves of the grasping earth. His body slid over the slimy mud with a quiet serpent-like movement.

With each slow twist of his body Guy mumbled, "Beauty—I'll find it. . . I'm coming".

His hands touched the more solid earth beyond the fox hole. He raised himself in the darkness. A bullet sang through the night.

"Down, Boy," called a voice from somewhere. "Down."

Guy fell to his stomach and lay there breathing heavily. The ugly odor of death was about him, choking him with its uncleanness.

"Somebody come—" The words wandered through the night.

They were a signal for Guy to move again. His body ached as he wriggled forward, guided

by the tired voice, the heavy breathing. A deep cry inside his body dragged him on, driving him with the dull tune, "*Hold on to beauty, Boy, hold on.*" It seemed foolish, and Guy fought against the feeling of insanity the queer words brought. His right hand reached out into the uncertain night, searching for the wounded boy. There was nothing but sucking mud and choking mist.

Something warm touched his hand, and his fingers shrank from the feel of torn flesh. There was the unmistakable smell of hot blood about him. For a moment nausea clawed at his stomach, his throat, and he buried his face against his muddy arm. The sickness passed.

His voice was strange in the darkness. "I'm here, Boy."

A thin torn sound answered, "Thank God."

Guy slid alongside the boy, "Can you move?"

"No." The voice whispered. "Why did they shoot?"

Guy swallowed hard. A strange tightness tied his voice in his throat. "They didn' know who it was. They had to shoot."

"Sure, sure—" The voice sighed. "I lost my head and stood up like a fool. It's not so bad now you're here. Thanks for coming."

Guy breathed deeply. There was a strange sadness around his heart. He lay down beside the weary voice. "Catch hold of my hand, boy, if it helps." He felt the boy's fingers close over his own. The cold feel of them against his flesh was frightening. His Dad's words washed through him suddenly, "*Hold on to beauty, Boy, hold on.*" His own fingers tightened over the trembling hand of the boy at his side.

Quietness settled about them like a heavy shawl. Guy stretched his aching body on the damp earth and turned his eyes toward heaven. There was a *clean* beauty in the faint light of far away stars.

ELIZABETH JONES.

I REMEMBER

We all have memories, and through sharing our memories find we are strangely alike. Remember with us in each issue.

"Morning", Miss. Ain't you Marse Henry's daughter? My, how you's done growed! Why, you'se as purty as a picture." I smiled amiably toward a thin, bent old colored woman who was now saying, "Chile, yo granpappy sho was a nice, kind gentl'mn. And young Marse Henry is jus' lak him, yas ma'm, he sho is lak his pa!"

This was the usual greeting from the colored folk as I walked down the muddy, red clay road, my favorite road to the pasture. I liked this way because I enjoyed speaking to the colored people whom I had known ever since I first walked down this road as a little girl with a fishing pole over my shoulder and a tin can filled with worms in my hand. I was flattered that they recognized me after so many years, because never would I forget funny, tom-boyish Peter Mae, old Mamie, the washwoman, feeble, grey-haired Stokes, who drove the mail cart down to the train every morning, little Co Ella, who made such wonderful chocolate pies, and dear Mammy Carrie, my first nurse. I was glad that I had worn my glasses, horrid though I thought they were, for nothing could be prettier and more "stylish" to Mammy Carrie's eyes than a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, that is, unless it was a handsome, gold tooth—which, of course, I did not possess.

Passing old John's perennial patch of yellow sun flowers which grew even higher than his rickety, tumble-down shack, I came to a high board gate. This I climbed over and jumped down into a quiet, shady lane which led through a grove of oaks toward the dairy barns and the silo. The road was marked with the sharp, two-pointed hoof prints of the cattle. Under a tall pecan tree a cow licked a block of salt with slow, rhythmical strokes. Over in the shade of an elm I could recognize blackish-grey Suzie the First, brown-spotted Bell, Daizy, and cream-

colored Suzie the Second—all sleek, smooth Jerseys which had long been favorites of mine.

I walked farther down the lane toward the stream. Tiny, delicate wild forget-me-nots clustered in the damp green grass. To the left, within a fork made by two streams, which gradually came together into one, there was a gently inclining hill covered entirely with bright-eyed daisies, a fit place for the capricious calves which romped there on weak, spindly legs. On the far side of the main stream was a rock spring house, its moss-covered roof sloping down nearly to the ground. To its sides hugged the green, luxuriant, star-shaped ively, the first sprigs of which had been taken from Marie Antoinette's castle. Within the house the spring, though no longer used for cooling purposes, bubbled icy-cold and clear.

This was the pasture to which the first Jersey cows had been brought to America from the Island of Jersey. This was the pasture where I had caught my first small, red-breasted perch, where I had seen my first water moccasin, where I had had picnics under the tall spreading trees, talking all the while in whispers for fear that I would scare the schools of minnows swimming lazily among the water cress and fern. I looked from the stream toward the persimmon tree which grew near the race track. I thought of the many times my mouth had been turned inside out by its bitter, spicy fruit. I looked and thought of my delicious, happy childhood—my childhood's sensitiveness to nature—its beauty, its smells, its vigor, and its strength. I felt the urge I had often experienced as a child to sing out from an open heart into the alive, exhilarating freshness. Again, for long precious moments, I experienced the comfort, security, and closeness to God and Nature which as a child had been mine.

BETTY HEARN.

MR. CAMPBELL NEEDS MORE LEATHER



"Mr. Campbell he need mo' leather," muttered the old Negro to himself as he poked around in the rotting, incongruous collection that was the dump heap. The early morning dew was a moist blanket over the ground and the scrap, and the cool, damp air somewhat dulled the peculiar stench of decaying clothing, rotting wood, moulding leather and spoiled food.

"He say he gotta have mo' leather fo' his shoe shop, and fo' me to git to the dump pile right now." He jabbed his walnut-branch "cane" into the heap and pulled aside a faded dress, uncovering a pair of white nurses' shoes. His slow, thick fingers pressed the toes of the shoes, but they could know nothing of the spirit of the beautiful young nurse who had worn the shoes. These shoes had moved many soft, swift miles in hospital corridors. Mary Richards was a good nurse, and often there had been urgency in her quick, quiet step. Loving her work she had long thought of it as her whole life. But now she knew that she loved young Doctor Brinkley more than the work, and she had changed her tray for a sterling coffee-pot and her low-heeled white oxfords for black opera pumps. With a sigh that was a curious combi-

nation of relief, remorse, and uncertainty, Mary Richards Brinkley had thrown the white shoes into the garbage. She wouldn't need them now. . . . The old Negro threw the low-heeled white shoes into the bottom of the big, burlap bag he carried.

Then the old man turned over a worn pair of tennis shoes. The scuffed "sneakers" were short and wide, like the foot of a little boy who had worn them through months of shooting marbles, riding bicycles, skipping cracks in side-walks, and playing football. He must have walked over some hot ashes, for the rubber soles were a little melted. The sneakers were very dirty and there were cuts in the uppers, so the old man left them lying in the scrap.

But into the bag went a woman's black work shoe that must have belonged to some housekeeper and mother. It spoke of strength, comfort and hard work. There was a pair of dark, brown, heavy, dirt-incrusted brogans, evidently discarded by some hard-working farmer whose face was as cracked and lined as the uppers of the shoes. His life must have been lived in poverty, considering the cardboard inner-soles which could not hide the huge holes in the bottom of the shoes. Into the bag went a pair of

brown and white saddle oxfords which were extremely dirty since one does not clean saddle-oxfords.

Suddenly the Negro saw a pair of beautiful silver evening sandals. Feeling sure that Mr. Campbell could use these, he picked up the shoes. To him they meant more leather, but those shining sandals meant expensive furs, the "right" salons, rich perfumes, cocktail parties and black lace. That had been the well-loved and well-lived-in world of Mrs. J. Dunstan Patterson. But now the unhappy and

charming Mrs. Patterson sat yearning for the old life and loathing her equally unhappy husband. She loved her husband, as much as she was capable of loving anyone except herself, but she did not want his child. "I *hate* these low-heeled oxfords! My ankles look too big in them," she had cried as she threw away the beautiful silver slippers.

"Jes old shoes," the old Negro had muttered as he tossed the silver sandals into the dirty depths of the burlap bag because "Mr. Campbell he need mo' leather."

PATRICIA MARKEY.

*I wish I were a raindrop,
A tiny, silver raindrop,
A cool and glistening raindrop
In a cloud.*

*I'd tumble through the sunbeams
And tickle golden moonbeams,
Or dance in foamy trout-streams,
Laugh aloud.*

*I'd run from lightening's flashing,
Or rapid waters dashing,
I'd dive down swiftly, splashing
Through a leak.*

*Then, when the breeze was mild,
I'd leave the stars awhile
To kiss a little child
On the cheek.*

TRACY HORTON.

A PORTRAIT

Meet the people you ought to know by reading
this column in each issue.

You have seen him. He is that man that always has a gleam in his eye. He is that person who always takes life on tiptoe. He seems to have a knack for living. . .

Mr. Elder was a stunning man, the kind that makes you gasp when you first see him! He strolled into the bus station in a collegiate tan raincoat and immediately adopted our eager caravan team. With irreproachable courtesy and delightful wit he piled us into his black car and delivered us to our respective homes for that week.

"Smooth," I murmured as I watched him that day. And "smooth" I said to myself sixty times the next week as I heard him deliver a magnificent sermon, handle his caravan activities with perfect procedure and joke incessantly with his young people. The night they called him "Sinatra" he sang "Amor" with all the chills. The day his five-year-old son spit at the district superintendent, he reprimanded him firmly and won his point. The day his wife had a heart attack, he kept his own problems from the group. He took adverse criticism with the calmness of a stoic.

"Smooth," I thought again. "This man enjoys life. Can nothing throw him?"

The last morning I arrived at the church at seven to mimeograph some necessary programs. I tiptoed into the sanctuary hunting for a book and found Mr. Elder kneeling at the altar. Surprised, he rose and smiled at me.

"You see," he said slowly, "You can't live life by yourself. You only choke on it that way."

I stammered agreement and turned to go when he added: "God and I tackle my problems in the early morning. Then we have all day to help other people solve theirs."

Unforgettable? Yes. Mr. Elder knows how to live.

MARTHA RUMBLE.

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NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

This is the fall of the year. With the fall comes change. In all of this change *The Wesleyan* has not escaped. There is nothing startlingly new in her make-up, although her leaves have changed. With a greater variety of articles we hope color has been added.

In the coming months *The Wesleyan* will be a growing magazine for we have new life. This strength comes from the conservatory with its rich supply of talent. We welcome the newly elected Wesleyan staff from the conservatory and look forward with them to an ever-broadening and worthwhile magazine.

GRENDEL'S GRIPE

For any questions concerning the interpretation of
"Grendel's Gripe" see the author.

I have read "Beowulf" word by word, upside down, in German, Greek, and Hottentot, and I've come to the conclusion that it's a one-sided conglomeration of rubbish from beginning to end.

All of this isn't my own insight into character. Part of it was shown to me the other day when a fellow named Dewey Grendeling stopped by the office. I saw at a glance that Dewey hadn't come to pass the time of day. Bearing a marked resemblance to "The Brow", he frowned across the desk at me.

"Look here", he rasped, "I've just come from the publishers, and I've found that there's another edition of 'Beowulf' hot off the press. And it's the same old story . . . 'Grendel did this . . . Grendel did that!' You're one of those newspaper guys; sos I'm going to tell you the story me mudder used to tell me. I'm going to give it to you straight".

"Well, it all began about 803 A. D. My uncle two hundred eighty-five times removed, Archibald Quincy Grendel, was an up and coming peanut vendor in Heorot. At that time a guy by the monicker of F. D. Hrothgar was the big cheese. That guy had been on top so long that the kids associated him with the Creation. It was election year and Hrothgar was as usual heading the ticket. His mob was mopping up in the sub-districts. On election eve he had a wide sweep—a complete victory in all but one of the mead-halls. Only his own hall, Heorot, had failed to report. Over at Heorot hell had broken loose. Of the four hundred and seventy-three males housed there, four hundred and seventy-two had voted the straight Hrothgar ticket. But the peanut vendor, a scum named Grendel, had handed in a ballot with a sig-

nificant X by the name of Helmot Willkyne.

"At the guard house Grendel was questioned about his vote. Hints were tossed about that he might have an eye defect. But Grendel, standing firm, announced that his vote came after long observance of the Gallupenot poll. 'Then too', stated Grendel, 'fifty years is long enough for any man to stay in office'.

"Well, to get on with the story . . . Grendel was tried and sentenced to banishment to a small plot of land over on the East Side. This land had once been laid out as a site for a Wotan Pringle Amen dam, but at the last moment money was needed to buy Elenora-grath, wife of Hrothgar, a new overnight bag . . . so the project was abandoned.

"Grendel, foreseeing a good bargain in the deal, accepted his fate with a smile. His country-gentleman mind told him that the damp climate would insure many good peanut crops. He set to work with a will and a plow.

"That first year was a hard one. Grendel had first to clear his land of metal—old Hrothgar pins kept popping up. Then too, there was an old stone fireplace which had been constructed even before the dam was started. This had to be pulled apart brick by brick.

Grendel had planted his first crop of peanuts and was watching with eager eyes for the first sprouts. Then, suddenly the blow fell! Going to the mailbox one bright morning, Grendel found a long white envelope—from the government. With shaking hands Grendel tore open the envelope—the words on the printed page struck him in the eyes.

"'Because of over-abundance of peanuts in district 44, we are ordering you to destroy any plants on hand. Do not plant more nuts until

further notice. (P.S.) There is a sizeable demand for lighter fluid if you care to try this crop'.

"Well, Grendel, loyal fellow that he was, went about tearing down all his plants. He pondered long over the lighter fluid crop. Finally he tossed aside reason and recklessly put all his accumulated capital into fluid seeds. This first crop appeared already, and Grendel saw clear sailing ahead at last. Then one day as he sat beside his home, he heard the dull thumping of the signal drums—dum de dum da dum.

'THE MATCH HAS BEEN INVENTED'

"From this blow Grendel could not rise. The life seemed to go out of my uncle. He became anti-social, but he had reason to. Do you think he walked all the way over to Heorot on wintry nights to kill Hrothgar's mob just for the sport of it? Of course not. But there were little Grendels at home to feed. Besides that, the chicken in every pot had biddies to be cared for. Grendel had to shift for himself.

"Maybe you think this is a lot of bull . . . maybe you still aren't convinced that Grendel had a good heart. Well, maybe you're right. But, by golly, he became the best one-armed riveter at Lockheed."

MARY COLLINS.

FOR THIS THEY DIED

*I saw a child playing in the park—
Carefree, lightly tripping over the grass.
For this they died,
Those boys at Salerno and Tarawa.*

*I saw the crowds of people going to church,
Free from fear of persecution,
Free to worship God as they chose.
For this they died
Those boys at Salerno and Tarawa.*

*I saw a group of students,
Free to think as they pleased,
Free to think for themselves,
Free to express their ideas.
For this they died
Those boys at Salerno and Tarawa.*

*These children will grow to be men;
These people will continue to worship;
These students will be the leaders of the world.
Let each be aware of his responsibility
In planning and keep a better world.
For it was for this they died
Those boys at Salerno and Tarawa.*

EFFIE THORNTON.

MY CONCEPTION OF GOD

Everyone, atheists included, has some conception of God. He may be a diabolical war-god who tantalizes his worshipers with promises of rich kingdoms, or he may be a sparkling god symbolizing the glitter of gold. The ideas about God vary with beliefs.

In the same way, the ideas of Christians differ greatly about the kind of God they owe allegiance to. No two people picture God the same way, even though they attend the same church, and follow identically the same creed. Their ideas of God have grown in their imaginations from early childhood, changing eventually with their experiences as the years go by.

When I was very small, I pictured God as a gigantic man with a voice like the rumble of thunder, and a temper which flashed like lightning across the heavens. He lived in a huge castle in the sky like the giant in the story of "Jack and the Bean-stalk". But even though I saw him as a God with a raging temper, I attributed to him also great qualities of a compassion.

That idea was born, I believe, of my childhood conception of an explanation for rain. Whenever it rained, I believed that someone in that rainy area had committed a terrible crime and God was weeping because He had been hurt. Of course, I out-grew that idea later on.

As I grew older and started going to church, I began to get a rather warped point of view about God from a minister that we had at the time. He taught me to picture God as the wielder of hell-fire and damnation. I could just see God holding a great, big, black book. A name was on each page, and as he wrote down the good and evil deeds of each person and carefully weighed the results, he chuckled to himself as he thought of the many recipients of his terrifying powers. Even now, I am inclined to picture God as a person, but as a far-

different sort of person.

Once the husband of one of my mother's best friends was killed in an automobile accident. The accident left her not only a widow, but also a mother who had to support three little children. Soon after the accident, my mother and I went to see her to express our sympathy. We did not bother to ring the bell. We walked directly into the dimly-lighted parlor. The widow was seated on a couch next to her minister, grasping his hand and asking him why God had deserted her in her hour of need. The minister was comforting her as best he could. It was then that I thought of God as being like that old minister. I thought then, "If the woman only knew that through him she is grasping the hand of God!"

Another conception that I have of God comes from an experience that happened to my little niece. She was only four at the time. One night she decided to tour the city by herself. She slipped away and soon got lost down town. Soon after she had gone, I missed her and went to look for her. An hour later, I saw her standing on a corner crying her heart out. A tall, lanky policeman was kneeling down beside her, comforting her and telling her not to be afraid. I guess it is odd but for a long time after that, I began to picture God in a policeman's uniform.

Now, that I am older, psychologists tell me that I should be going through a period of doubtfulness about God and immortality. Yet I have no doubts about him. I'm sure that He's here with us every minute. He's always watching us, not with the prying eye of a chaperone, but with the interested and loving eye of a father. God is full of compassion. He is tolerant and understanding. I believe that He has every quality that God should possess—including a sense of humor.

DOLLY ANN REED.

Jean receives a letter each month from Harry. If you read this letter in each issue, you will come to feel it is written not only to Jean but directly to you.

Dear Jean,

I know I shouldn't mention war to you. I know you'll pull a Scarlett O'Hara on me, and mentally pick up your skirts and flounce in the house. But several letters I've had recently from boys overseas have struck me right between the eyes, and I want to get your reaction.

The first one said, "I'm going to find it hard to settle down to the three 'R's' again after flying a P-51. But in that feeling I'm not by myself. You gals'll have to help us out." Or another letter, "I've had little time for thinking even, much less reading anything that would keep me up-to-date. What's going on over there anyway?" Or, "Lord knows when I get back home, I won't know how to spend my leisure time. Someone will surely have to get me used to living again!" One letter especially made me thoughtful—"I wonder if there will be enough normal people to absorb all of us mental cases when we get back to the good old U.S.A."

In the six months following the "duration", we can slim our figures, pluck our eyebrows, cream our faces, and Lux our undies, until we are as glowing as a September morn. But will that be enough? The French girls are more svelt than ever, the correspondents say. Their skirts are shorter, their legs are slimmer and their clothes are gayer than ever. Yet our G.I. Joe still dreams of his American Super-Susan. Why? Because he remembers her as stylish? Yes. Sweet? Yes. But what is just as important, he remembers her as alert, informed, on her toes.

But if you are like me, you are far from being "on your toes". Instead your mind has become paralyzed by mere existence in this crazy world where all that seems to matter is how far the Allies pushed today through the mud of France. In the past few months I've slipped into the habit of living for today alone, which keeps my head above the water, but does not get me any nearer the stable shore of profitable living. I realize I am in danger of mentally drowning, but I am too numb to care.

Like an opium eater, I take a grain of the day-to-day drug, and slowly I sink into a rosy dream of self improvement. In this dream I drink a cup of hot, sweet, satisfying liquid, which is the essence of all the culture, all the stimulating thought in the world today. The potent mixture works its magic and suddenly, without effort, I am aware.

I see the beauty of the sun glistening on glossy dark magnolia leaves. I smell the pungent wood smoke in the fall. I am overcome by the blending colors of new plowed earth.

And too, with my new found knowledge, I am able to take my place in the world of thought. I hear the overtures to the symphony of a world at peace, and startled, I find myself among the orchestra. I am playing my violin skillfully, confidently, because of my new insight.

But the day-to-day drug wears off, and I shudder back to the *real me* at Wesleyan, going to classes, studying, absorbing as little as possible. It's too bad I have to wake up, isn't it, Jean? At this rate I could never help anybody to think, or to catch up with their living. How could I, when I haven't been thinking or living myself?

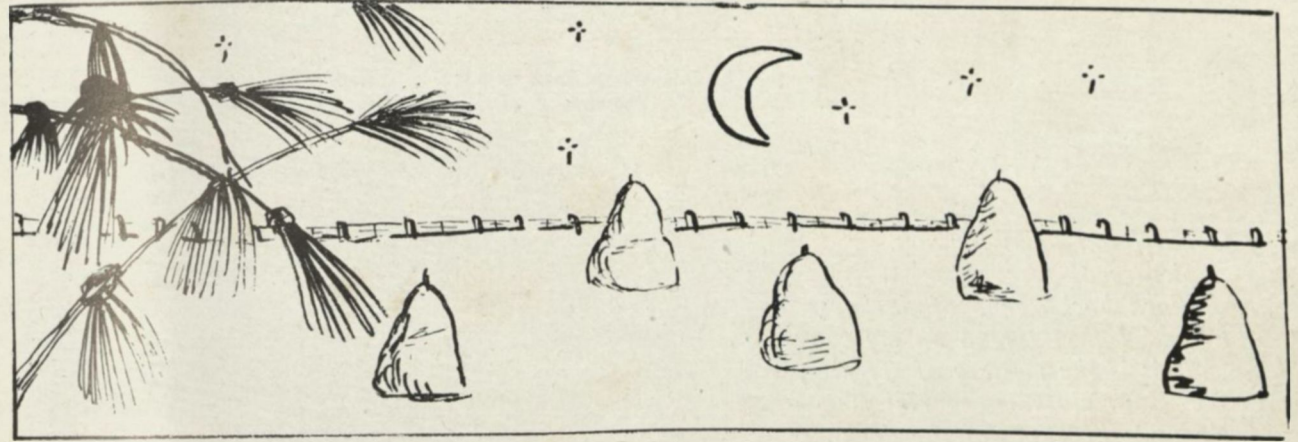
If you've been dreaming too, Jean, perhaps you see how important it is for us to wake up and tackle some of the problems around us. Take this business of voting intelligently, for instance, or understanding the post war plans, or the labor situation, or socialized medicine. Why there's a new horizon for us, Jean!

You know, Thomas Carlyle said that a nation is only as strong as the number of its people who see the ultimate plan. When he speaks of "the people" he means *us*. I tremble to think of it!

If you and I are going to keep this country what those soldiers think it is, if you and I are going to keep *ourselves* what they think we are, then *somebody* better get on the ball! Namely, *us*!

Love,

Harry.



POEM

*We talked of friendship, love, and marriage,
And all the things girls talk about—
All of us crowded in that little room,
Laughing, letting secrets out.
Sad to think it would be over;
After all, time's not so slow.
I looked back on years of living,
And only said, "I do not know."*

*Four little words that seem so simple,
Simple to say, so often heard,
Thought by everyone some time or other—
"I do not know" . . . "The question's absurd."
Simple?—too simple. Simple and empty.
I keep remembering the fragment of hair
That fell on your forehead that day
In October. "I do not know" . . . the words
become bare.*

*How should I know if to dream is to love you?
I have not wisdom yet; wisdom is slow.
Why should I think of you, when it is foolish?
Where are you now?—yet I do not know.
"Look at the moon!" someone cries; and I do—
Forgetting your hair, how it fell out of place.
Strange how the moon keeps trying so hard
To flick your hair away from his face.*

FRANCES RUSHTON.

FOREVER

Could I but paint for you
 A picture of forever,
 A black background of darkness
 Would I first spread on my canvas.
 This is the mystery of eternity,
 A door closed to mortal man—
 Around the edges of the darkness
 A faint white light I'd trace.
 This is the hope of man,
 His faith in the goodness of God—
 Then in the middle of the void of black
 Your heart and mine, side by side.
 This is the light of love eternal,
 This is forever.

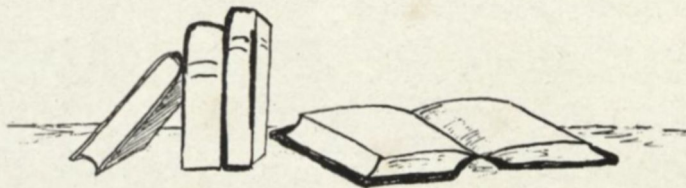
PATRICIA MARKEY.

LIFE

As when a crashing storm, loud pounding, roars
 Along the muted whiteness of the shore
 And lashes every dock, breaks loose the oars,
 And whips the masting hard upon the floor,
 Hurls darts across the thick black of the skies,
 Runs screaming down the parapets of cloud,
 Beats out its strength on dunes, then wearied,
 cries
 Upon the far horizon—a mere shroud;
 So life at times comes whirling down on man
 And tears the very sinews of his heart,
 Throws blindness in his eye, ties up his hand,
 And rips his highest dream, unseen, apart,
 Then, worn out with its toy and tired of pain,
 It leaves man, sighing, to begin again.

MARTHA RUMBLE.

BOOK REVIEW



CLUNY BROWN

By

MARGERY SHARP

Reviewed by Annette Rumph

You have read books about parlor maids and cooks, about chemists and cotton pickers, but you have never read this book in any previous form *This book is about Cluny Brown.*

Cluny Brown just happened to be the vivacious niece of Mr. Porritt, a good plumber and union man. To Mr. Porritt this niece was a source of perplexity. It was not that Cluny was a beauty, nor was she bad nor disrespectful. It was just that she evidently did not know her place. Plumbing is a respectable and responsible position but plumber's nieces just do not go and have tea at the *Ritz*. Cluny did! Almost any Englishman would say that was rather shocking.

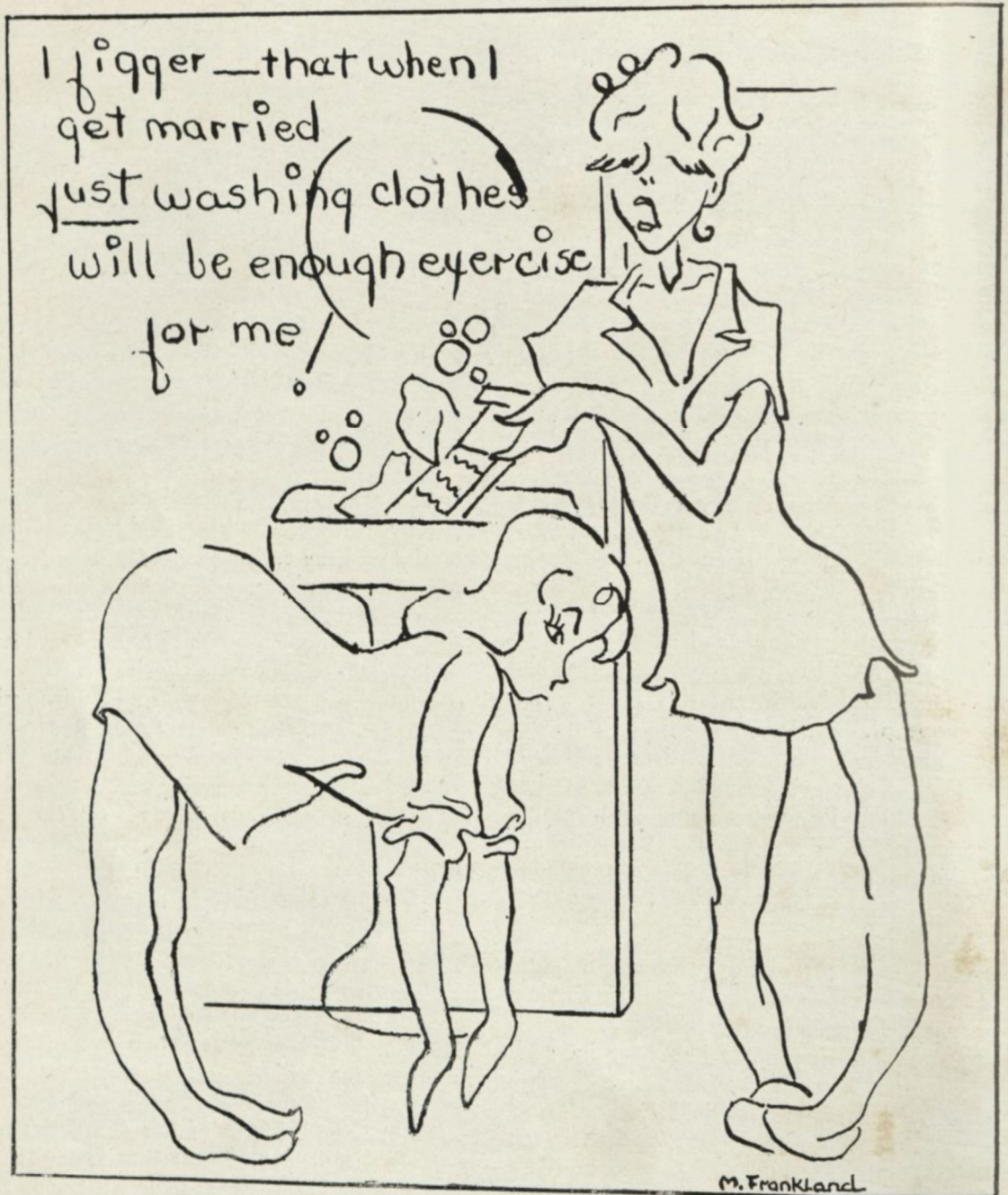
Worried Mr. Porritt felt gratified to secure for Cluny a position as parlor maid at Friars Carmel in Devonshire. Now Friars Carmel is the kind of English country home we have all wished to visit. There was typical Sir Henry, a great hunter of times past, and Lady Carmel who loved to work with flowers, and their son Andrew just out of Cambridge. Of course, there was also the house staff, which had dwindled

from six maids to two, one of which was Cluny.

Cluny, however, had been reluctant to leave London and the exciting business of answering emergency plumbing calls. At first she did not appreciate the full beauty of the country. Though she bore her troubles like a brave English lass, she was wont to write to her uncle "—I hope you are quite well and not missing me too badly. It would be funny if after all these years you did not miss me at all. What I think is if you miss people why not say so."

The author ingeniously weaves the character of Cluny Brown into the life of Friars Carmel and the combination daily becomes more wonderful. Cluny gets herself involved with the neighboring Colonel's dog, the village chemist and the Carmel's house guest. It all works down to a very surprising ending which you may or may not like. Cluny did, however, and so did I.

In *Cluny Brown* Miss Sharp has presented a wholesome and delightful character along with a series of events that hold your attention to the very end. Many of her characters may seem the English stereotype, but Cluny is not, for Cluny is the yeast that makes the book rise.



POST SCRIPT

The picture for the cover of this issue was photographed and developed by the assistant editor of *The Wesleyan*, Elizabeth Hearn. Betty has a growing interest in photography, and *The Wesleyan* hopes to use her pictures often.

All of the story and poem illustrations for this issue of *The Wesleyan* were drawn by Ellen Barber. We are always glad to have her drawings, for they add new life and interest to the magazine.

The cartoon depicting a scene from college life was furnished by the Art Department at the Conservatory. In each issue throughout the year look for additional cartoons and illustrations from the art students.

The next issue of *The Wesleyan* will be the Christmas number. We want this issue to have the full flavor of the holiday season. Help us make it a real success by contributing your "Christmasy" stories, poems, plays, and articles.

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